

HEARTS and MASKS

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CHAPTER VIII.

"The unexpected always happens," began the pseudo-detective, closing his hat, drawing off his gloves and stuffing them into a pocket. "As a friend of mine used to say, it is the unexpected that always surprises us. We never expected to see these charming masques again, did we, William?"

"No, sir," said William, grinning at last. "We didn't. The gentleman was very nice and obliging to me, sir, wasn't it in the cellars?"

"I understand. Now," continued the late Mr. Haggerty, with the leaden affability of a Maguire, "I beg of you, Mr. Comstalk, I beg of you not to move or to become unduly excited. Physicians tell us that excitement wastes the red corpuscles, that is to say, the life of the blood."

"Your blood, sir, must be very thin," I returned coolly. But I cursed him soundly in my mind. William's bulging side-pocket convinced me that any undue excitement on my part would be exceedingly dangerous.

"William, you can always tell a gentleman," said the chief rogue admiringly. "A gentleman always recognizes his opportunities, and never loses his sense of the balance of things."

"And he is usually witty, too, sir," William assented.

The girl sat pale and rigid in her chair.

"What do you want?" I demanded savagely.

"For one thing, I should like to question the propriety of a gentleman's sitting down to dine with a lady without having washed his face. The



The Master Rogue Lighted a Cigarette.

coal-dust does not add to your manly beauty. You haven't a cake of soap about you, William, have you?"

"No, sir," William's face expressed indescribable enjoyment of the scene.

The girl's mouth stiffened. She was struggling to repress the almost irresistible smile that flickered her lips.

"In times like these," said I, determined not to be outdone, "we are often thoughtless in regard to our personal appearance. I apologize to the lady."

"Fine, fine! I sincerely admire you, Mr. Comstalk. You have the true spirit of adventure. Hasn't he, William?"

"He certainly has, sir."

"Comes to a private ball without an invitation, and has a merry time of it indeed. To have the perfect sense of humor—that is what makes the world go round."

"Aren't you taking extra risk in offering me these pleasures?" I asked. "Risks? In what manner?"

"The man you so cleverly impersonated is at the club. I do not know what prompted me to put him on his guard."

The rogue laughed lightly. "I know Mr. Haggerty's habits. He is hustling back to New York as fast as he can. He passed here ten minutes ago in the patrol, lickety-clip! He wishes to warn all pawnbrokers and jewelers to be on the lookout for me to-morrow. Ten thousand in a night!"—jovially.

"A very tidy sum, sir," said William. "A fourth of which goes to you, my good and faithful friend."

"Thank you, sir," replied William. Two cooler rogues I never wish to meet!

"But wouldn't it be well, sir, to hasten?" asked William.

"We have plenty of time now, my son."

"You have not entered this room," said the girl, her terror slipping from her, "simply to offer these banalities. What do you want?"

"What precisely, William?" cried the rogue, taking out a cigarette case. "I don't know what that word means, sir, but as you do, it seems to fit the occasion proper enough."

"It means, William, that this charming young lady sends our visit from afar."

"I had a suspicion, sir, that it might mean that," William leaned against the wall, his heady eyes twinkling merrily.

The master rogue lighted a cigarette at one of the candles.

CHAPTER IX.

For suddenly I saw his eyes widen and flash with anger and apprehension. Quick as a passing sun-shadow his hand swept the candelabrum from the table. He made a swift backward spring toward the door, but he was a little too late. The darkness he had created was not intense enough, for there was still the ruddy glow from the logs; and the bosom of his dress-shirt made a fine target. Besides, the eyes that had peered into the window were accustomed to the night.

Blang! The glass of the window shivered and flung to the floor, and a sharp report followed. The rogue cried out in fierce anguish, and reeled against the wall. William whipped out his revolver, but, even from his favorable angle, he was not quick enough. The hand that had directed the first bullet was ready to direct the second.

All this took place within the count of ten. The girl and I sat stiffly in our chairs, as if petrified. It was all so swiftly accomplished.

"Drop it!" said a cold, authoritative voice, and I saw the vague outlines of Haggerty's face beyond the broken window-pane.

William knew better than to hesitate. His revolver struck the floor dully, and a curse rolled from his lips. Immediately a heavy body precipitated itself against the door, which crashed inward, and an officer fearlessly entered, and a revolver in each hand. This tableau, which lasted fully a minute, was finally disturbed by the entrance of Haggerty himself.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss," he said heartily: "It's all over. I'm sorry for the bullet, but it had to be done. The rascal has nothing more serious than a splintered bone. I am a dead shot. A fine night!"—triumphantly.

"It's been a long chase, and I never was sure of the finish. You're the cleverest rogue it has been my good fortune to meet this many a day. I don't even know who you are yet. Well, well! Well! Well! That up in time?"

Not till the candles again sputtered with light, and William was securely handcuffed and disarmed, did I recollect that I smoked the sense of motion. The puffed of powder drifted across the flickering candles, and there was a salty taste on my tongue.

"Horrible!" cried the girl, covering her eyes.

The master rogue and his valet were led out into the assembly-room, and we reluctantly followed. I saw it all now. When Haggerty called up central at the club, he ascertained where the last call had been from, and, learning that it came from Hollywood Inn, he took his chance. The room was soon filled with servants and stable-hands, the pistol-shot having lured them from their beds. The wounded man was very pale. He sat with his uninjured hand tightly clasped above the ragged wound, and a little pool of blood slowly formed at his side on the floor. But his eyes shone brightly.

"A basin of water and some linen!" cried the girl to Moriarty. "And send all these people away."

"To yer rooms, every one of yer!" snapped Moriarty, sweeping his hands. "This no place for ye, be off!" He hurried the servants out of the room, and presently returned with a basin of water, some linen and balm.

We watched the girl as she bathed and bandaged the wounded arm; and once or twice the patient smiled, and Haggerty looked on approvingly, and in William's eyes there beamed the gentle light of reverence. It was a picture to see this lovely creature playing the part of the good Samaritan, moving here and there in her expulsive gown. Ah, the tender mercy! I knew that, come what might, I had strangely found the right woman, the one woman.

"You're a good little woman," said the rogue, his face softening; "and a good woman is the finest thing God ever placed upon earth. Had I only found one!" He turned whimsically toward me. "Are you engaged to marry this little woman?"

"No."

"Surely you love her!"

"Surely I do!" I looked bravely at the girl as I spoke.

But she never gave any sign that she heard. She pinned the ends of the bandages carefully.

"And what brought you to this?" asked Haggerty, looking down at his prisoner.

The prisoner shrugged.

"You've the making of a fine man in you," went on Haggerty generously. "What caused you to slip up?"

"That subject is taboo," replied the thief. "But I want to beg your pardon for underestimating your cunning."

"It was all due to a chance shot at the telephone."

"I kept you guessing."

"Merrily, too. My admiration is wholly yours, sir," returned Haggerty, picking up the telephone exchange-book. He rang and placed his lips to the transmitter, calling a number.

"Hello! It's the chief of the Blankshire police? Yes? Well, this is Haggerty. That idea I hinted to you was a mighty good one. Prepare two strong cells and have a doctor on hand. What? Oh, you will find your horse and carriage at Moriarty's. Good-by!"

My money was handed over to me, returned it to my valet, but without any particular enthusiasm.

"It's bad business, William," said I. "It's all in the game, sir,—with a look at Haggerty that expressed infinite hatred. 'In our business we can't afford to be careless.'"

"Or to talk too much," supplemented his master, smiling. "Talk, my friend, rounds me up with a bail-



The Girl and I Passed Out of Hollywood Inn.

led in the room, and a long sojourn behind stone walls. Never talk. Thank you, too, Mr. Comstalk for the saving grace of humor. If it were possible, I should like to give Miss Hawthorne the pick of the jewels. This is a sordid world."

"Ye'er case is coming!" shouted Moriarty, ruminating to the window.

So the girl and I passed out of Hollywood Inn, leaving Haggerty with his mysterious prisoners. I can't reason it out, even to this day, but I was generally sorry that Haggerty had arrived upon the scene. For one thing,

he had spoiled the glamour of the adventure by tingeing it with blood. And on the way to the car I wondered what had been the rogue's past, what had turned him into this hardy, perilous path. He had spoken of a woman; perhaps that was it. They are always behind good actions and bad. Hough-ho!

Once we were seated in the lonely car, the girl broke down and cried as if her heart would break. It was only the general reaction, but the sight of her tears unnerved me.

"Don't cry, girl; don't!" I whispered, taking her hand in mine. She made no effort to repulse me. "I am sorry. The rascal was a gallant beggar, and I for one shouldn't have been sorry to see him get away. There, there! You're the bravest, tenderest girl in all this world; and when I told him I loved you, God knows I meant it! It is one of those inexplicable things. You say I have known you only eight hours? I have known you always, only I had not met you. What are eight hours? What is convention, formality? We two have lived a lifetime in those eight hours. Can't you see that we have?"

"To shoot a human being!" she sobbed. Her head fell against my shoulder. I do not believe she was conscious of the fact. And I did not care a hang for the conductor.

"I patted her hand encouragingly. 'It had to be done. He was in a desperate predicament, and he would have shot Haggerty had the detective been careless in his turn; and he wouldn't have aimed to maim, either.'"

"What a horrible night! It will haunt me as long as I live!"

I said nothing, and we did not speak again till the first of the Blankshire lights flashed by us. By this time her sobs had ceased.

"I know I haven't done anything especially gallant to-night; no fighting, no rescuing, and all that. They just moved me around like a piece of luggage scenery."

A smile flashed and was gone. It was a happy sign.

"But the results are the same. You have admitted to me that you are neither engaged nor married. Won't you take me on—on approval?"

"Mr. Comstalk, it all seems so like a horrid dream. You are a brave man, and what is better, a sensible one, for you submitted to the inevitable with the best possible grace. But you talk of love as readily as a hero in a popular novel."

"I never go back," said I. "It seems incredible, doesn't it, that I should desire myself in this fashion? Listen, for my part, I believe that all this was written, my Tom-foolery in Moriarty's, my imposture and yours, the two identical cards,—the adventure from beginning to end."

Silence.

"Suppose I should say," the girl began looking out of the window. "That in the restaurant you aroused my curiosity, that in the cellars my attention was stirred, that the frank manner in which you expressed your regard for me—to the burglar—awakened—"

"What?" I cried eagerly.

"Nothing. It was merely a supposition."

"Hang it; I love you!"

"Are you still the Capucin, or simply Mr. Comstalk?"

"I have laid aside all masks, even that which hides the heart."

She turned and looked me steadily in the eyes.

"Well!" said I.

"If I took you on—on approval, what in the world should I do with you in case you should not suit my needs?"

"You could return me," said I laughing.

But she didn't.

(THE END)

They... Pills thoroughly clean the system, give the bowels regularity, brighten the eyes and clear the complexion. Sold at A. G. Wagner's.

Abortion in Live Stock.

A very common malady among live stock, and more especially in common to cattle, is abortion—premature birth. It is caused in different ways and from experience we can say that it is not only contagious, but is very persistent and difficult to rid from the herd. Immediately after it is noticed to be in a herd, that is, when the first female gives premature birth is the time to begin if the worst results would be averted off. Such individual should be immediately isolated from the remainder of the herd, and the place where the birth was given should be thoroughly disinfected with lime, carbolic acid water, or any of the recognized coal tar dips. We have known cows to become infected from merely standing in the barn beside a cow that had recently aborted. The next thing to do is to watch for it in the remainder of the herd. While abortion is a skulking disease, it may be usually detected in time to apprehend the premature birth if properly handled. Especially is this true of younger females and those giving birth for the first time, that the adder begins to spring just as it is common just before calving. When this is noticed it is time to get "busy." Give a carbolic acid water solution on hay or oats, or use any of the condition powders advertised in these columns. Some of these condition powders may be fed right along and thus eliminate it from the herd. Aborting cows should be washed internally with a syringe and a solution of any of the coal tar dips. The trouble is very often transmitted by the bull, and for that reason it is a very wise plan to wash the sheath of the bull with the above solution, both before and after breeding.

Newspapers and Transportation.

The question of whether newspapers may take transportation for railroad advertising comes up in a natural way in connection with the Jamestown exposition. The roads are anxious all over the country to promote travel to the show. Newspaper advertising is a vital necessity to the success of the enterprise. The press generally is willing to broom it. The roads are running their trains and have room in them for an occasional newspaper man. The papers are going to press every day and they have occasional space for notices of the exposition. It is convenient both ways to swap off what each side has the most to offer in the way of trade. But the commission vetoes the notion. The best way to get at the right of the controversy is to take it into the courts. The Monon route has done in a test case what is of far wider interest than the exposition raises in itself. It covers the whole question of exchange between the roads and the press. It has been the course of decision of the courts to rule that what the parties agree shall be payment shall constitute payment. The commission tries to make an exception to a rule formerly universal.

Weather Affects Rates.

Conditions of Temperature May Force Railroads to Radical Reductions. Weather conditions are frequently of striking influence upon rates. To start with, writes Samuel Spencer, in "Railway Rates and Industrial Progress," in Century, the seasonal topic of ice, there was in a winter not long past a total failure of the ice crop on the Hudson river and the lakes and streams in New Jersey and eastern Pennsylvania. It was suddenly realized that distant sources must be utilized for the supply of ice for New York and the populous adjoining region for the coming summer. Lake Champlain and Lake George, several hundred miles away, seemed most available, and rail transportation had to be arranged. Here was a new situation, and a new and exceptional traffic, for which no rates had ever before been needed or established. The emergency was quickly met. The necessary low rates were made, the ice was transported, and the deficiency supplied.

Read's Ride "Round the Horn."

Tom Reed, accompanied by William Bryant, a well-known politician in Waltham, took a Watertown branch (Fitchburg railroad) train one evening a few years ago for the watch city, where he was booked to speak at a Republican rally. It was Reed's first experience going "around the horn." Stop after stop was made, and finally the brakeman sang out: "Bleachery! Bleachery! The next station is Chemistry!"

"Say, Bill," drawled Reed, "this train is taking a regular high school course."—Boston Herald.

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Best for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Etc.

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No Opium, Conforms to National Pure Food and Drug Law.

COUGH SYRUP

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All cough syrups containing opium constipate the bowels. Bee's Laxative Cough Syrup moves the bowels and contains no opium.

LOYALTY WON FORTUNE.

Railroad Man Leaves Generous Bequest to His Long-Time Assistant.

Eighteen years of unswerving devotion has brought its rich reward to John Smyth, of 87 Crawford road, N. E., once a New York "cubby" now the heir of a railroad man of wealth. For that length of time he served the late George Burdette Spriggs, formerly general freight agent of the Nickel Plate system, in the capacity of valet and confidential secretary.

For five years prior to his death Mr. Spriggs was an invalid suffering from an incurable malady. During that time Smyth hovered over his bedside, foregoing all his pleasures. For weeks at a time the faithful valet was seldom able to take off his clothes and was forced to snatch his sleep in a chair by the bed of his afflicted employer.

Mr. Spriggs died a few weeks ago, but he did not forget the self-sacrificing devotion of the man who soothed the last hours of his lonely life. The former "cubby" from New York is now heir to real estate and moneys representing a bequest of more than \$50,000.

It was on a dull November morning, 18 years ago, that George Burdette Spriggs met John Smyth, cabman, in the lot by the Hoffman house, New York.

"Cab, sir?" inquired Smyth of the magnate.

Spriggs turned and looked at the "cubby."

"Is this the man you recommended?" he asked, turning to the hotel clerk at the desk. The clerk nodded.

"Son, would you like to go to Cleveland with me? I have just discharged my valet, and Callahan here tells me you are honest and trustworthy. Will you come?"

It did not take long to strike the bargain. The promise of travel and the inducements held out were too strong to be resisted by the neophyte who wished to plunge into the baptism of life—real life—by "seeing the country." And the arrangement was never regretted, either by the busy man of railroad affairs, who had neither wife nor child to brighten his life, or by the former cubby, who left little behind, and who is by the full tide of young manhood, with the means at his disposal to pursue a crowning desire.

"He never treated me as a servant, but rather as a companion," said Smyth. "Mr. Spriggs was one of those men whom the possession of wealth does not spoil. He was liked by every person with whom he came in contact, by his servants as well as by his business associates."

"The property he left me was entirely unexpected. Before he died he told me I should be taken care of in his will. But what was left to me was so much beyond my deserts or expectations that I was overwhelmed. I tried to do my duty while I was in his employ, but really I did nothing more than what I was very liberally paid for."

George Burdette Spriggs was 71 years old when he died. He had railroad and other interests in Canada and on the continent as well as those in this country. By his will he left \$500 to each of three other employees and some of his real estate to a niece in Gloucestershire, England. The rest of his estate he bequeathed to John Smyth, once cabman, then faithful valet.

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A year or so ago the weather gave another aspect to the ice problem. A particularly cold season left a large surplus stock of ice in the icehouses in the vicinity of New York city. This depressed the ice so as to affect injuriously the business of those lakes in Pennsylvania which regularly shipped ice to New York. To repair as far as possible this unexpected injury to a regular, established business, the railroads leading from Pennsylvania made a substantial reduction in their rates for ice transportation in order that their patrons during the emergency might reach other more distant markets.

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